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S E R M O N,

PREACHED

In the Parish Church of

BOSTON,

IN THE COUNTY OF LINCOLN,

At the CONSECRATION of the COLOURS

OF THE

BOSTON INDEPENDENT ARMED ASSOCIATION,

August 23d, 1799.

By SAMUEL PARTRIDGE, M. A. Vicar,

Chaplain to the Corps.

BOSTON:

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1799.

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SERMON
To

THOMAS FYDELL, Esq. M. P.

Captain Commandant,

And to the rest of the Officers,

and Volunteers of the

Boston Independent Armed Association,

THIS SERMON,

Printed at their Request,

Is respectfully inscribed,

By Their,

Obedient Servant and Chaplain,

THE PREACHER.



A
SERMON, &c.



ISAIAH, Chap. XVIII. Ver. 3.

"All ye inhabitants of the world, and dwellers on the earth,--see ye, when HE lifteth up an ensign on the mountains; and when HE bloweth a trumpet, hear ye."

THESE words of the Prophet, which are marked by that grand and solemn diction to be found no where but in the Sacred Writings, were originally pronounced upon an occasion not very different from that on which we are now assembled. The people of Israel, the favoured people of the Lord,

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had

had departed from their allegiance to their great Deliverer ; and were, in consequence, furrounded by enemies of whose power and vengeance they lived in constant dread. But whenever they discovered an inclination to return to their duty, it appears that on all occasions, the merciful God relaxed from his severity ; extended his arm to protect and save them ; transferred his wrath to the armies of their ungodly enemies, and by his Prophets roused his own people to a sense of their dependent situation ; promised them aid, if they persevered in their obedience ; consoled, animated, and strengthened them.

It will be suitable to our present purpose to examine somewhat further the condition of this singular people ; as it communicates to us a solemn and important lesson.

They were, alternately, prosperous and victorious, or depressed and captives; a terror to their enemies, or despised by them. At one period, we behold them masters of a rich portion of the world, "a land flowing with milk and honey," famous in arms, exercised in arts, the envy of surrounding nations; at another, their Temple destroyed, themselves humbled in captivity, and the outcasts of Society. But we must observe also, that these variations in their condition perpetually occurred, as they were obedient and pious servants of their Lord and Sovereign, or as they were idolatrous, vicious, and undutiful.

Such, and similar conclusions must be drawn, in our general observations on moral good and evil; as we are instructed and justified in doing, under the sanction of the

the Revelation of God's Will, by his Son Jesus Christ. So long may the people of any nation look with hope to the protection and favour of Heaven, as they continue obedient servants to the holy Will of the Almighty: but when vice and immorality so far prevail, as to degrade and debase our moral nature;—to impair that Sacred Image which was in part communicated to human Beings at the Creation of Man;—to lose sight of the claims which the pure system of the Gospel has upon our hearts,—and to exchange the dignity of our high callings, and the hopes of a blessed immortality, for vain and foolish subtilities, which, under the fallacious pretence of extending knowledge and improving happiness, lead to ignorance, error, and irreligion;—then indeed it may reasonably be expected, that the light of Divine Goodness will cease to shine upon
us;

us; that our Public Enemies may be made instruments, in the hands of God, to chastise and punish us: and not us alone, but all other nations in like manner depraved.

As an instance of this proceeding, let us take a short view of the condition of that particular country, whose enmity we have thus far happily endeavoured to counteract and frustrate.

The present condition of that country, once the great and prosperous Kingdom of France, will appear the less wonderful, if we examine its Moral and Religious state, previous and subsequent to its late Revolution. In doing which, though I do not mean to declaim against our enemies, nor to exalt ourselves, yet I shall not forbear to speak of their actions in a manner we all know to

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be just and true. May we be warned by their example to avoid their fate!—I say, then; that a superstitious and debasing form of worship, as sanctified by the ceremonies of the Romish Church, had excited a contempt of Religion in the minds of men of reading and reflexion. This descended, of course, among the lower orders in Society. The barrier of religious awe being thus once removed, an inlet was made to corruptions of every kind, and from every quarter.—Every species of sensuality, and the grossest vices, were soon contemplated without alarm, and practised without scruple. For, when once men began to question, and then proceeded to deny, the existence of the One Almighty God, and the immortality of the Soul, can we wonder that the Divine Being suffered their hearts to be hardened; that he left them to their vain
imagina-

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 imaginations; and that he made their own
 vices the instruments of their terrible punish-
 ment. In the recent history of that once
 great Nation, the slightest observer may see,
 by a memorable instance, how wisely in it-
 self, and how beneficially for the happiness
 of mankind, the order of the Moral World
 is regulated and sustained. Nor will he
 wonder that men who had practised every
 vice, disclaimed the consolations of Religion,
 and discarded its terrors, should rise to such
 a summit of wickedness, as deliberately to
 murder an innocent, exemplary, and most
 benevolent King; destroy a band of illuf-
 trious Nobles; persecute and exterminate
 the Ministers of Religion; and convert
 every tribunal of Justice into a theatre of
 legalized Assassination.

Against such enemies "in the name of
 our God,

our God, we have set up our banners. —
But from the contemplation of such a picture, let us turn to the more pleasing and animating cause of our being now assembled together; namely to dedicate, by a solemn and impressive act of Religion, those Banners to which we look with confidence as a bond of union in every social duty; as an object to be contemplated with the enthusiasm of Britons; never to be dishonoured, forsaken, or neglected.

In all ages and in every nation, the most rude, as well as the most polished; Insignia, resembling in their object and use, those now before us, have been venerated with ardour; their elevation has been considered as the signal of victory and glory; their loss and desertion as a mark of national disgrace and of personal infamy. In nations the most refined, and most susceptible of patriotic pride,

pride, to deprive the public enemy of his Standards, has ever been esteemed the highest merit of the Conqueror; and to rouse the exertions of conflicting armies to this point, has been deemed one of the wisest maxims of military policy. On the contrary; to preserve them, when in danger; to rescue them when taken; thousands have sacrificed their lives, for their own and their country's honour.

As Christians, we lament exceedingly that men should be thus set in array; and thus incited against each other; but we are not forbidden, as Christians, to *defend* ourselves against the unjust aggressions of an enemy; we are not commanded (whatever some Enthusiasts may teach) to bow down our necks to the sword that is lifted up against us. This would be inviting men, and the worst men

in the world, to destroy us, with impunity. Neither reason nor revelation require this at our hands. We may, and we are bound to "resist, even unto blood;" to repel all unjust assaults upon ourselves, or upon our country; which comprehends all that God has made most dear to us in this world. And such is the nature of the contest in which we are now, and have been for some years, engaged. We are defending ourselves against the attacks of an enemy; who has proclaimed, that nothing less will satisfy him, than the destruction of that Government, under which we enjoy blessings greater than any other people. In this cause we lift up our banners; and we may surely say, with humble piety, that we lift them up in the Name of God.

To these incentives, the most sagacious examiners of the human heart have thought

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it wise, in polished nations, to add the efficacy of female interposition. Banners have been formed, and presented, by the hands of females, as conveying this instructive lesson,—that those who assemble beneath their Colours, are the defenders, not only of their country's rights in general, but, in particular, of every sweet and social tie. It is not necessary, that I should seek to rouse the ardour of Britons, by any affected appeals to their sensibility; but it is a consolatory and delightful idea, and (as we well know) no mean incentive of military prowess, to be considered as the protectors of those whom we most revere and love.

These Banners, and the motives which induce us thus to assemble, may be contemplated in another point of view. They are to be considered as an emblem of that in-

violable regard, which as Englishmen, we feel, for the Constitution of our Country: that Constitution which has endured for ages, the pride of civilized life, and the envy of the world; which the ambitious and the profligate have assailed in vain: which the subtle speculations of modern times have vainly endeavoured to undermine; and by which true Liberty has its best sanction, in preserving the equipoise among the different ranks of society; defending with equal vigilance the rights of the great and the humble, the rich and the poor.

On this point we may well be allowed to speak with honest enthusiasm; and to challenge the proudest Philosopher of ancient or modern times to exhibit a fairer or more perfect system; remembering always, that while the human mind shall continue what it is, liable

able to the corruptions of error, and to all the weaknesses of humanity, whatever is produced by the best exertions of that mind, must have its share of imperfection. But, how unessential this imperfection is, when the British Constitution is contemplated in the great scale of Universal happiness, we appeal to the testimony of ages past, and still more forcibly, to the calm and deliberate investigations of the wise and good in our own times |. We appeal, in a still nearer instance, to that noble and patriotic ardour, which, in the moment of peril, has been displayed through every part of these realms; and which has communicated (I trust) its influence throughout this whole Congregation. We all claim an equality of zeal in our Country's cause, with all our fellow-citizens, even with those who stand forth armed to defend us; And we here unite, with one voice,

voice, and one emotion; in the resolution to defend and preserve that form of government, which we cannot contemplate without exultation.

In this great and solemn work, let us, my Brethren, with earnest devotion implore the Divine Favour: Let us exclaim, one to another, (in the words of the text) and let the sound reach unto distant nations,—“All ye inhabitants of the world, and dwellers on the earth, see ye, when HE lifteth up an ensign on the mountains; and when HE bloweth a trumpet, hear ye.”

On the solemn occasion of this day, I do not mean to recommend to you any *superstitious* notions or practices. By *consecrating* (as it is usually said) these Colours, it is not pretended that any *extraordinary* qualities

qualities are communicated to them. They remain, of themselves, inert and inoperative, ~~we~~, *we*, as before. It is your spirit and your patriotism, that must lend them all their efficacy. We propose only, to stir up your minds to an ardent remembrance of all the blessings, spiritual and temporal, which you have voluntarily associated, and armed yourselves, to defend. And we pray the Great disposer of all events, that HE would vouchsafe to bless your efforts in this righteous cause; that HE would aid the Self-defence upon which you stand; and preserve and secure the benefits he has conferred upon us. Above all; we exhort you to join with us in praying, that God would so direct all our thoughts and desires, that we may henceforth be more resigned to his will, more mindful of his holy Commandments, and daily
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less unworthy of his manifold graces and blessings.

We live in most awful times, when the breath of the anger of the Almighty seems to be gone forth, and to show itself in the spilling of the blood of thousands, and ten thousands of the people; in desolated provinces, and ruined empires. Let these facts speak to us with a deep and warning voice. Let us not be presumptuous; and say, "Who is the Lord;" because hitherto his mercy has turned aside from us the tribulation, and anguish, and persecutions, with which we have been threatened at a distance. Rather, let it teach us *humility* and *reverence*; to implore the Almighty, that he would inspire us with a portion of his Grace; that we may see the folly and danger of wickedness, and repent, and live.

And

And while we are thus thankful, as becomes us, for those evident marks of divine forbearance and mercy, which have enabled us to assemble in this place with security;—looking to the past, with a grateful sense of miseries escaped; and to the future, with a hope of peace, and happiness;—let us not forget the great lesson of Christianity; ~~but~~ ^{let us pray} ~~supplicate~~ for our enemies also; that they, being moved by God's Grace to repent of, and forsake their offences, may, together with us, be made partakers of the divine favour; and be finally received into those heavenly mansions, where peace and concord, and holy joy, will reign in all hearts, for ever and ever. *Amen.*



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The

The CEREMONIAL of the Consecration
of the COLOURS of The BOSTON
INDEPENDENT ARMED ASSOCIATION
in the Parish Church, *August 23d. 1799.*

THE CORPS having received the Colours,
after an appropriate Speech, from Mrs. Fydeff
at her House, marched to the Church; and were
met at the West Door by the Vicar and the
Lecturer, who walked before them (the Organ
and the Band playing a March) into the Chancel,
where Arms were piled, and the Colours deposited
within the Rails of the Communion Table. The
Corps went into Pews reserved for them, joined
in Divine Service, and heard a Sermon from the
Vicar, their Chaplain. They returned into the
Chancel, and being under Arms, stood at the
Order, uncovered. The Chaplain then pro-
nounced the following Prayer;--having first
raised the Colours, which were supported by
the Ensigns:

“In

"In the Name of Our God, we will set up
our Banners." Psa. XX. Ver. 5.

(Let us pray:)

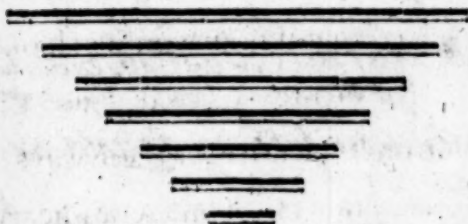
ALMIGHTY GOD, in whose hands alone
are the issues of war, we humbly prostrate our-
selves before Thee this day. We acknowledge
it to be Thy unspeakable mercy, that we have
been hitherto preserved from the violence of
our enemies; and that the calamities of war
have been averted from our coasts, while they
have afflicted so great a portion of the world.
We pray, that Thou wouldst continue to bless
the councils of our Sovereign, and direct them
to Thy glory, and our happiness. And since
we are exhorted in Thy Holy Word, to "trust
in Thee, doing good," we dedicate ourselves to
the support of Thy true Religion, and of the
peace and happiness of the Land wherein Thou
hast placed us. We implore Thy blessing upon
our efforts in this righteous cause: and espe-

cially upon those among us, who stand forth armed in defence of it. They do not "trust in their bow, neither shall their sword save them; but Thou savest them from their enemies, Thy Right Hand, and Thine Arm, because Thou hast a favor unto them." We pray for the continuance of this Thy favor upon all who shall henceforth serve under these Banners: which we now devote to the maintenance of our Religious and Civil Liberties, and to the restoration, if it be Thy Will, of Peace amongst Men. And forasmuch as Thou hast commanded us to love our Enemies, we pray to Thee in their behalf also; that Thou wouldst look upon them with an eye of mercy; and cause them to see, and turn from, the error of their ways; from a denial of Thee and Thy Son, to an hearty acknowledgment of "Thee the true God, and of Jesus Christ, whom Thou has sent." Let Thy Word be henceforth preached among them, in truth and purity, uncorrupted by the vain fancies

cies and traditions of Men And grant unto them, and to us, that being led by the true Spirit of Christ's Religion, "Nation may not lift up Sword against Nation, neither may we learn War any more."

These Prayers and Praises we humbly offer, in the Name, and through the Mediation of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

The Corps then put on their Hats, shouldered Arms, and marched into the Field.



*Mem. The greater part of the Sermon was written by my friend and guest, W^m Dace. The rest of the Sermon and the Prayer;
J. P.*

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To a Young Woman; from her Admirer,
in his Walk on a Snowy Day.

Wherever I walk; or whatever I see;
I never do fail to be thinking on Thee.-
In the Snow, that's now falling, thy likeness I trace
'Tis as soft, as thy hand; and as fair, as thy face
In one point, may likeness be far - far - apart.
O may I ne'er say, - 'tis as cold as thy heart!

Answer.

I thank thee, young Friend; for thy compliment civil,
To my hand, and my face: - but observe this, I pray
If the Snow, that's now falling, be cold as my heart
Yet, in one or two weeks, it may melt all away.

Ellada, grandiloquus quondam jactabat Homerus:
Ellida nunc jactes, Ledinam parva, tuam.

Homér, thou once didst thy proud Ellas boast;
Ellis of Ledinam, sweeter far, I toast.

J.P.

X (De Petula)

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"Tacta places, audita places; si non videare,
Tota places; neutro, si videare, places."

(Martial)

X Imitation

When a woman is so comely, then touched by some
ladies came, saw her face, and all my flame expired.

June 1774.

To Miss Lucy Hardwick, aged three years ^{afterwards} ~~now~~
Mrs Davis) with a Six-penny Neck-lace.

My dear little Wife,
Whom I love as my life,
Accept this small Present, I pray
And when with it you deck
Your angelical Neck,
Remember me, day after day.

The Soliloquy of
Ensign Not,
on deserting his Colours in Holland, 1799.

I am Not, a coward; a brave man I'm not.
Oh! I would that I were not at all!
This thund'ring of cannon I cannot endure,
Nor this clashing of swords, nor this whizzing of balls.

Of strange contradictions a compound am
I am Not, fond of flying; of fighting I'm not;
I am Not, in a panic; in panic I am,
With a memory quite sound, I myself have forgot.

A tight halter I merit; yet Merit I've not;
I am not fit to live, and I'm not fit to die:
But when I am rotten, and by all am forgotten
"Has not Not got his due, his full due," - Death will cry.

Letter of Thanks from a Boy for two little Pigs.

O, how nice is roasted Fig!
But nicer far a roasting Pig!
Indeed, I think it much more pleasant
Than Goose or Turkey, Hare or Pheasant.
And if one Pig's so nice a thing,
Sure two should make us dance and sing!
And so I do; and while I live,
To Swineshead-Friends best thanks I'll give.
So kind and great to me their bounty,
I've few such friends in all this County.
Just when these little Pigs I spied,
A former Pig by knife had died;
And now, cut up, in flesh and bone,
He outweighs one-and-twenty Stone.
See! Spar-ribs, Sausages, Mince-pies,
Black-puddings, Bacon, Ham, arise }
Tier upon Tier, and feast our eyes!!!
All these, ere long by neighbour Hodge,
I'll thankful send to Swineshead-Lodge.

Thos. Partridge.

Mr. John Stephenson,
Swineshead-Lodge,
near Boston.

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An Account of some Experiments
for Drilling and Protecting Turnips,
was published in 1802, by the Rev. A. T. C.
Hannings, of East Dereham, Norfolk, who
sent a Specimen of them to Lucy B. Partridge
with the following Epistle;

A little Address to little Miss Lucy
Partridge, just recovering from not a little fit of
Sickness, together with a little Present of
little Turnips, and little Potatoes.

If little Things, therewith send,
Suit not your Taste, my little Friend,
Be then, at least this little said,
"Tom wish'd to please a little Maid,"
But, convalescent, little able
To eat a little Vegetable;

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If what I send give little Pleasure,
I'll not rejoice "in little measure",
Nor little hope, in time to come,
You'll little think of "Turnip Tom";
Who sometimes, if a little Mellow,
Would be a little merry fellow;
And of a fancy little roild,
Would play, just like a little 'Child.
But "little said is soonest mended":
So, when Tom's little play is ended,
May all who of that little tell,
Pronounce that little acted well;
So well, to wish "a little more",
And pray, a little, for "Encore".

(Turn

Chicopee Street, Lynn, Dec. 15th 1802

In Acknowledgment from a little Maid
to the great &c. Thomas Turnips.

With little wit, and little crow-quill pen,
No little thanks a little Maid would give;
Deep-rooted in her grateful little heart
Your little Turnips shall for ever live.

Little they are, but all that little's sweet;
To make aught sour or vile, you're little able;
Such little dainties, sure, would please the
I'll send a little to the Royal table.

Another table too shall have a little;
Where Hospitality, not little, reigns;
Audley! my little tongue can ne'er express
What gratitude and love my little heart contains
Drill, Tom, your little seeds, protect them well
No little plenty through the land you'll scatter,

No frost your little turnips e'er can touch,
But little Norfolks shall each day grow fatter.

No little recompence Tom Turnip merits,
His services no little minds can scan:
A little Millions far too little for him;
Millions on Millions I would vote to such a Patriot
Man!

Lucy B. Partridge.

Epitaph on a Man of great Veracity.

Here lies a man, ^{never did} who never lied before;
He cannot knock, in vain, at Heaven's door.

Epitaph on a Man of no Veracity.

Here lies a man - no - here has ceased to lie, -
Who from his cradle lied, until he came to die.

Charade, at Frampton House, 1867.

My First I would venture to broach;
But to drink it half out, I'm not equal:

Next, take half the sad answer, which ladies oft
And retract it sometimes in the sequel.

From my Last keep the sad letter - It;
Else, it must ~~be~~ ^{be} reverse, of soft.

If my Whole keep the Name she was born
To change it, she must refuse oft.

Christmas Holidays.

Boston, Dec. 13. 1868.

On sitting down to Dinner, after travelling 22
hours in the Stage Coach from Westminster School.



They said, my Dinner was to be cold Pork;
I, chill'd & weary, thought it was sad work.

But - better luck! a dinner cold 'tis not;

Well-fed, well-cook'd, lo! Turkey smoking hot.

Sweet Virgil, Homer, Classics all, adieu.

Some other time, I'll taste & feast on you.
